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What care I how fair she be,
If she be not fair to me. OLD SONG.

THE affairs of real life are sometimes more strange and utterly confounding, than the wildest dreams of romance. Among literary men and women this is literally true. Examples, to any extent, might be drawn from the history of the far Past; but it is only necessary to survey the present, or passing events, in order to obtain satisfactory illustration of the truth.

That strange and painful events are particularly to be found in the history of the gifted, should serve as a warning to all young ladies and gentlemen who may be overstocked with sensibility and the love of scribbling; whose hearts are too large for the frail case which contains that article; they should be warned, and avoid, and renounce all love sonnets, poetry, and the Wicked One, otherwise Satan, the Devil, as they are in duty and honor bound to do, and seek a little of that wisdom from above, for that alone can save them from the pit of moral perdition into which so many have deliberately, and with malice aforethought, precipitated themselves.

And, as a further means and measure of security, let the over-sensitive eschew all ribbons, flowers, curls, and other deviltries in the adorning of the person, whereby the above named personage, Satan, is wonderfully assisted in ruling this lower world and destroying souls, both masculine and feminine.

Mankind, and woman-kind, we have all reason to believe were formed whole-hearted, but some of the strange events alluded to tend to break the heart, and a broken heart is worse than a broken head, for the doctors may mend the last, but all the doctors in the land cannot heal a wounded spirit. Speaking of hearts, brings to mind an excellent illustration of our theme: In all affairs of the heart those persons addicted to literature, are in general, as excessively unfortunate as they are in affairs of the purse, or money matters, to speak

vernacularly; for they who cannot take care of self, that most precious object of human pursuit, how can they take care of that very foolish and troublesome thing, the heart, and especially the heart given to poetry.

Poor Harry Lorimer commenced scribbling when very young, one of the most dangerous symptoms of liability to the disease of a broken-heart, and often a prelude and prognostic of the poverty and wretchedness to be their lot in life when all else is lost.

Harry acquired the knowledge of a profession, and attended to that most sedulously until he was about thirty years of age; years of discretion certainly, if that commodity ever comes with years, as an inevitable result, and then, he fell in love! What a fall was that for him! But he *would* dress well, look pleasing, go among the ladies, and talk to them by the hour, and write in albums, and that sealed his fate—he fell in love with one of them, not the albums, but the lady owner of one of those dangerous books which yet linger in good society.

The lady was attractive, but she was proud, imperious, and wealthy. She admired, and patronized, and flattered, but she did not love him. Harry was poor. She had not mind enough to appreciate his talents, and set them against her gold; nor heart enough to value his devoted and intense affection. There was the difficulty, into which none but a poet would have plunged with his eyes open.

The love, and the hope, and the misery, were all on one side. He was warned of the danger and the difficulty, but it was the old story of the moth and the candle; he fluttered round the flame which allured until he fell a second time, not in love, but into despair.

Of all fools, a poet in love is sometimes the most consummate, extravagant, uncontrollable

fool! He was sick, and sent for me. I sat by his bedside, and endeavored to console him by railing at the whole female gender in general, and the one obnoxious lady in particular; but it would not do; I might as well have attempted to sing a whirlwind to sleep.

The fit lasted for some weeks, until the violence of grief spent itself, and my poor friend recovered his senses. I visited him often, and really thought he would die. But now that he was calm, I reasoned and plead with him to be himself, and look to Heaven for assistance; God had promised to heal the sick and hear the penitential prayer. He promised, and I have no doubt did as directed, for a great change passed upon him—he recovered.

Sometime after his restoration he voluntarily related the particulars of the affair, from which I found out that the lady had evidently attached him to her side, and led him along to gratify her vanity. She encouraged his addresses, and then trifled with his most sacred feelings, and at last, in the pride of her heart, basely insulted him in a letter. He left the letter unanswered, of course, and resolved to see her no more; she had rejected him most summarily. But, his strength of mind and body yielded for a season to the force of the storm of passion. The conflict was terrible no doubt, but reason and religion triumphed, and the lofty spirit of Lorimer survived the tempest, and he arose from the blow a wiser and a better man.

Harry still persists in calling his disease a "broken heart." Be it so, if that decision will operate as a warning to others similarly situated, and induce them to exercise a little common sense in the choice of their company, and never allow their feelings to bewilder their judgment.

My friend Lorimer, after this bitter experience of the difference between the reality and the romance of life, renounced love, the ladies, and albums; betook himself seriously to the duties of his profession, and bids fair to become a decent, sober, useful member of society—which a poet in love, and crazy, can by no means become.

Some think Lorimer has become rather savage; that his pen and tongue are too sarcastic, too caustic; that he is in the predicament of one who was accused of "bearishness." But, as Goldsmith replied to the accusation against his friend Dr. Johnson: "Sir, there is nothing of the bear about him but the rough outside; a kinder heart never beat in the bosom of man."

Some years have elapsed, my friend remains unmarried, and I am approaching the pith of this sage sketch, which is to show how Harry vented his spleen on that occasion in poetical numbers. He permitted me to copy one of his effusions; as the lady is in another clime, and may never see the article in a London print, no person can be offended, and some may be gratified by its perusal.

Here it is, just as he wrote it at the time:

THE FAREWELL.

Our fate is fixed, the hour is past,
Love's latest call shall be Love's last—
That star of love, whose silver light,
We gazed on filled with strange delight;

Oh, now 't is dark, for clouds between,
Have covered all its silver sheen.

True, as that star is overcast,
The burdened heart no more can bear,
But yields to its sad fate at last;
And never at that altar where
Love's holiest offerings were vowed,
No, never shall that heart be bowed.
The high-souled, gifted son of song,
Has worshiped at that shrine too long;
Wronged, deeply wronged, he proudly turns,
From that *false heart* he inly spurns.

The words, the pledge of perfect love,
Those words of love so often spoken,
Are written in the book above,
All heard, remembered as love's token;
But faith, and truth, and hopes of bliss,
Are phantoms in a world like this.
Farewell, a long, a last farewell,
No tear drop shall our parting grace,
No sigh shall this proud bosom swell;
To weep, or sigh, would not efface
The memory of my wrongs, or tell,
How *freely* now I say farewell.

Lorimer must have invoked the shade of Malthus, and the spirit of the whole body of the venerable Shakers, in order to pen so spirited an article, and show so decidedly his anti-marriage purposes and principles.

I objected to some of the terms in the piece, as "proud bosom," "proudly turns," "faith and truth being but phantoms;" but he would not suffer me to alter a word. I really thought the fit was coming on him again.

"No, sir, not a word shall be changed, a change would spoil the poetry, and destroy the *point*, for there is point, and sharp point too, in that article. No, sir, the faith and truth of religion, the humble and pure spirit of the Gospel are not referred to; and the terms you consider objectionable, are not used to express or indicate the existence of bad passions; but to exhibit a sense of that dignity or self-respect which elevates the human mind, and prompts us to avoid, and spurn, and scorn, that which would degrade, either in feeling or in action."

I was silenced by the vehemence of my friend, if not convinced. I hinted at the bare possibility of his views undergoing a change, flattered and admired as he really was, especially among the intelligent women, with whom he began again to associate. He mused a moment, and then replied:

"Yes, I shall marry yet, if it were only to convince my friends of my *sanity*. I strongly suspect that man who never marries, even should his fate have been similar to my own."

My excellent friend did marry, one devoted to him, and the "rejection" is now considered a most happy event of Providence. I knew Lorimer for years; he is indeed a gifted son of song, and his name is enrolled upon the same page with those of the most talented of the land. It was but lately I had a letter from him, he is an editor now, and enjoys a merited reputation in a distant city.

But where is the moral of this story, some may ask. Bless you, it is no story, it is truth, and there is always a moral in truth.

ELIZABETH LEE.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN seized by the Delawares, Elizabeth was placed before one of the tribe on horseback, and in this manner the band returned home, and were received with great rejoicing. Two of her former captors, the Hurons, were brought bound to the village that they might be tortured to give rest to the souls of those who had fallen in the assault upon the Hurons. Weak and exhausted, Elizabeth was consigned to the custody of a chief's wife, and conducted to her wigwam. Fatigued as she was, both in mind and body, the fiendish yells and howls without banished all sleep from her eyelids. The youngest and noblest of the prisoners were brought out for torture. He had scarcely arrived at manhood, yet had his deeds already made him renowned. It is an Indian's custom to recount his deeds, and endeavor by his taunts to incense his tormentors to greater exertions, that he may show his powers of endurance. By the fierce glancing of the listeners' eyes, their scowling brows, and the involuntary grasp upon their knives, one ignorant of the language might have read the young Indian's taunts. The purpose of the prisoner was evidently to excite their passions to such a degree, as to induce them to slay him at once. The words were poured forth while his countenance remained so unmoved that their bitterness could only be guessed at by their effect.

"The Great Spirit has called to the Delawares to send him a warrior. Nothing but women are in their wigwams. They will send a Huron; a brave; his cabin is black with the scalps of the Delaware dogs; I spit upon them. A Huron is a god; his feet rest upon the earth, but his head touches the clouds; with his hands he encircles the forests, and the Delaware women are dust in his grasp. They never saw a man die; the brother of Oucona will show them how—"

During this harangue the passions of the assembly had been strongly excited; several had made a motion as though to fling their hatchets at him, but the desire of witnessing his torments overcame the momentary impulse. One warrior, the chief of the tribe, he who had confronted Oucona, alone remained motionless, leaning against a tree, his eye immovably fastened upon the young savage. He was the deadliest enemy of the Hurons, and at his belt hung many bleeding trophies of the late contest.

Disappointed at the failure of his eloquence, the prisoner resumed:

"They dare not kill a Huron; his spirit would be free; they are afraid; they hide their faces when they see a spirit—"

"Huron, you lie!" shouted a young Indian in uncontrollable anger; and at the word, the sharp blade of his knife buried itself to the hilt in the naked bosom of the unblenching warrior. With a superhuman effort he wrenched it from its resting place, and casting a look of scorn at the pas-

sionate boy who had thrown it, and tasking all his failing energies to the utmost, before any one could be aware of his intention, he hurled it at the chief who leaned against the tree near him. His calculations had not failed; his dying eyes feasted themselves upon the prostrate form of the Hurons' greatest foe.

With a self-command peculiar to this singular race, the other prisoner was replaced in the wigwam to undergo more dire vengeance on the morrow.

It was not till noon on the following day that Elizabeth summoned resolution to look forth upon the face of nature. Alas! it was no soothing picture of nature's painting that met her gaze. The mangled body of the murdered Huron hung from a tree before her; and the nation were assembled around the corpse of their departed chieftain. Shrinking back, she determined to leave the cabin no more. Her own unassisted efforts to escape would prove unavailing, and nothing remained for her but to await the dispensations of an all-seeing Providence.

Time wore slowly on, and the hues of autumn became deeper and deeper. Every thing remained quiet in the village, and Elizabeth, being kindly treated by the Indian women, employed herself as much as possible, that she might drive away thought. Her mind never recurred to the majestic looking Oucona without a shudder, and morning and evening she thanked the mercy that had snatched her from his power. She rightly judged that her father had lost all trace of her; and the only hope that sustained her was that some hunter might visit the village and carry tidings of her situation to her father. Week followed week, and freedom seemed further off than ever. One day a band of warriors left the village upon some expedition, and left only males enough to guard the wigwams and the remaining inhabitants, consisting of helpless old men, women and children.

About a week after their departure, Elizabeth was startled by hearing a disturbance in the village, and the shrieks of women and children. Concluding that the tribe had returned with fresh prisoners, and that some new horrors were to be acted, she buried her face in her hands, and tried to withdraw her thoughts from surrounding sights and sounds.

A light, firm step entered the wigwam, and a voice whose tones she immediately recognized, addressed her:

"Oucona is come for the dark-eye"

With a shriek of despair she rushed by him into the open air, only to find herself in the midst of a crowd of dark warriors. With an inward prayer for protection, she once more resigned herself Oucona's prisoner.

The band only prepared to start when every thing that could tempt their cupidity was seized, and every wigwam burned. Some of the women and children escaped into the woods, but by far the greater part were massacred. Like a tiger

thirsting for blood, Oucona seemed to be every where; slaughter could not do enough to revenge the death of his brother.

When the Hurons departed, silence and desolation settled upon the late cheerful dwellings of the Delawares. Upon the second day of the homeward journey, some intelligence brought by a scout caused the party to divide; ten warriors only remaining with Oucona and his prisoner, the rest following another celebrated chief. The band under Oucona's direction traveled with great speed and caution. Their trail was carefully concealed, and as often as was practicable they took to their boats. Upon the evening of the next day their precautions increased; all dismounted except Elizabeth, whose horse was led by one of the band; the crackling of a dried branch beneath their feet made them pause, and the cry of one night bird to another sounded like the signal for a fresh onslaught. The night was intensely dark, and the chieftain left his followers awhile to reconnoitre the surrounding woods himself. He dragged himself through the bushes and gained the summit of a solitary rock, from whence he gazed about him for the signs of a fire. His approach had been noiseless, and he was preparing to make as silent a return, when, in placing his hand upon the trunk of a tree, it came in contact with the warm shoulder of a savage. The wah! that the savage uttered, marked his surprise, but his motionless attitude showed that he took the new comer for no enemy. Twice the Huron raised his arm to strike, and twice some other feeling interfered. His silence seemed at length to astonish the Indian, who was evidently a scout of some neighboring band, and he turned his head. A third time the hand was raised above him, and this drank the life of the victim.

When Oucona again placed himself at the head of his followers no word was spoken, and even when daylight revealed the disgusting evidence of death, no man questioned him. Making a large circuit, they gradually neared the Huron village, near the shores of the Huron lake. Toward morning the Indian joined them with the horses, all mounted, and at sunset entered the village. A cabin was assigned to the white girl, and Elizabeth remained unmolested. Some hours later the remainder of the band also returned, and placed a prisoner in the cabin next that occupied by our heroine.

CHAPTER VIII.

Many of the Indian females, under various pretexts, entered the wigwam of Elizabeth, and all, except one, after satisfying their curiosity by gazing upon a white girl, then an unusual inmate of an Indian village, respectfully withdrew.

The one who remained was a girl of about eighteen years of age. Of an uncommonly fine figure even for one of her race, among whom graceful and noble forms abound; her face was no less beautiful than her figure. Nature had bestowed upon her a light and happy heart, whose mirth was usually reflected in her smiling features; but now her large black eyes looked melancholy, and the attitude in which she leaned against the side of the hut denoted deep despondency.

The intercourse which the Indians had held with the wandering white hunters and traders; the occasional visits of families of squatters on their

way to the west, crowded out of their dwelling places by some audacious settler within ten miles, and the journeys of the Indians themselves to the settlements to trade away their furs, had caused some of them to have gained quite a knowledge of the English tongue.

When Elizabeth, somewhat annoyed at the continued gaze of the Indian girl, asked her if she could do anything for her, the girl understood the question, though she only answered by folding her hands with a gesture of despair, and murmuring, "O much handsome!"

Admiration, from however a humble source, never fails of conciliating our good-will, and the mournful sorrow of the girl deeply touched our heroine's feelings. Some struggle seemed to have been going on in the mind of the Indian maid regarding their relative pretensions to beauty; these were decided in favor of Elizabeth. Slowly and sadly Namora divested her person of all those ornaments so highly prized by savage taste, and laid them at Elizabeth's feet.

Unable to comprehend the cause of this action, Elizabeth tried by caresses to win the confidence of the gentle Indian. One short sentence from Namora revealed the whole:

"The white girl love Oucona."

"No, no," cried Elizabeth, now fully aware that Namora looked upon her as a rival. "I fear him—I hate him."

"Why hate?" said Namora, quickly. "Oucona follow the dark-eye—he marry her—kill Namora."

"I will not marry him! I do not love him!"

"Why stay?"

Alas, Elizabeth was unused to the wilderness, and could not make the simple Indian believe that it would be impossible for her to escape without one to accompany her familiar with the forest difficulties and dangers.

Eager to be rid of her rival, Namora proposed aiding her to escape that very night, and all her suspicions returned at Elizabeth's declining the attempt. She insisted upon her right to be the bride of Oucona; he had been betrothed to her when he first saw Elizabeth. Unable to soothe her and secure her friendship at a less sacrifice, our heroine told her of her own engagement, and how anxious she was to return to her friends. All doubt removed, the Indian and the white girl became firm friends. Elizabeth was to take advantage of the first possible means of escape, and Namora promised to assist her heart and soul.

For several days nothing presented itself, and Elizabeth's rallied spirits were again sinking into despondency. Several visits from the Indian chief added to the anxiety of both; and the ferocious looks of the warriors made Elizabeth prefer the solitude of her own cabin. Namora gave her intelligence of all that occurred in the village, and of late had been very earnest for her to visit the other prisoner. "He was soon to be tortured," she said, "for he had killed many braves, and all his men had fallen before he was captured. He was a warrior, and would die like a red man."

This latter opinion is the highest praise an Indian can bestow upon a white man, for whose power of endurance they entertain but slight respect. Again and again Namora urged Elizabeth to visit him, but she, afraid of intruding, refused.

About a fortnight from our heroine's arrival, a rank assemblage of the whole Huron nation took place, upon the occasion of a prisoner's being tor-

tured. The spectacle was to be made as terrific as the most barbarous and celebrated torturers had been capable of devising, and curiosity was in every heart to see how a pale-face would die. The prisoner was certainly a noble-looking man, and the dignified composure of his features would not have disgraced one of their own most celebrated warriors. Far different, however, was the power that supported him, to that which turns the flesh of the savage to seeming stone. Averting his gaze from the dark, lowering faces of his murderers, he rapidly scanned the thick forests and distant mountains, as though taking his farewell of earthly objects, and fixed his eyes on that heaven upon whose boundary he was treading, and whose mysteries would soon be such to him no longer. Death he did not fear; but he was young, in a strange country, fighting the battles of his king in the hopes of fame and honor. The time had been when his prospects had been most bright, and his anticipations most happy. None would bear tidings of his end, and the few who felt an interest in his fate would never know how or where he perished.

Unable to comprehend the principles which sustain a Christian in a trying hour, the savages could not repress a murmur of admiration at the steadfast bearing of one of the hated race of whites. Hatchets had been brandished before him, glistening in his eyes, grazing his forehead; burning pine-knots were applied to his flesh, still not one pang of weakness had given them even a momentary triumph over him. A young savage was preparing to hurl his hatchet and inflict a wound which should maim without killing, when his uplifted arm was stayed by so wild, so agonized a shriek, that the weapon dropped from his hand. A light form rushed through the crowd and threw herself upon the prisoner's breast. Namora in the confusion that ensued cut the thongs that bound the prisoner.

Supporting Elizabeth with his left arm, he prepared with desperate courage to struggle unarmed with his tormentors for possession of the dearest object to him on earth; to save her was his whole thought and aim, his own peril troubled him not. Vain and desperate hope! An hundred hands tore them apart, and bound anew the agonized Hamilton, whose frantic efforts could avail nothing against such a multitude.

Rage and revenge shot from Oucona's eyes at the discovery of Elizabeth's affection for Hamilton, but quickly subduing all outward sign of emotion, he conceived a plan in his crafty mind, which should, by her own consent, put him in possession of Elizabeth. He had rather demurred at forcing her to marry him; he would now make her his by her own act. Commanding silence among the disturbed multitude, he confronted Hamilton and Elizabeth; the latter was supported by Namora.

"Listen," said he, in a voice so distinct that the most remote of his audience clearly heard. "Listen to the words of Oucona. You are mine. The Hurons are a great people, Oucona is their chief. They are in number like the trees of the forest; the pale-faces are few; they fly before the red warriors. The 'dark-eye' of the pale-faces shall find a place in the dwellings of the strong. Oucona is merciful. White man you are free, if the 'dark-eye' remain with me. She shall live in my wigwam, and her children shall be great chiefs."

"Save me, Frederic!" gasped Elizabeth, covering her face with her hands.

"When the sun touches the top of yonder tree, Oucona will speak again. Remain willingly," added he, with a scowl to Elizabeth, "or he dies!"

At a sign from their chief, the savages retired to a distance, and left the unfortunate lovers together.

"You cannot hesitate, my beloved Elizabeth," said Hamilton, gently.

Fearfully and rapidly she raised her eyes to his face. He did not—could not mean—no, no, she would not for a moment believe that he would accept life at such a dreadful sacrifice—it was too horrid to think of. Her eyes sought the ground again, and she answered feebly:

"What do you mean, Frederic?"

"We will have the satisfaction of dying together."

"He will not kill me," answered she, calmly; "and hearts are long in breaking—"

"Good God!" exclaimed he with desperation; "would that some kind friend would again release me! No power on earth should again—"

"Hush! Frederic, hush!" said Elizabeth, laying her hand on his arm; "let us not waste the little time we have. Look at the sun—a very, very little while is left to us. You must not remain here; you must seek my father. Promise me you will seek him?"

So calm and self-possessed did her manner appear under the fearful pangs he knew her heart was suffering, and so familiarly did she speak of his seeking her father, that the dreadful idea forced itself upon his mind that her reason had given way before agony too great to be endured.

"I will do any thing you ask," replied he, soothingly.

"Do you recollect, Frederic, the last time we met in England? How happy we were! and our next meeting"—her eyes wandered over the scene before her, then fixed on Hamilton—"here."

Oucona pointed to the sun, which in a few moments would reach the top of the tree.

"Heaven grant that I may die first," whispered Hamilton.

"Frederic, my only love," exclaimed Elizabeth passionately; "now that we are about to part forever, I may say how dear you have been to me. My life has been rendered happy by the knowledge of your love! How blessed should I be, could I save you by the sacrifice of my life! My father can not refuse to receive as a son one coming thus from his daughter. Bear my farewell to him; tell him—"

"Let the dark-eye speak; Oucona's ears are open."

Like one impatient of interruption, she beckoned him away and continued:

"Tell him how dear you were to me—how very, very dear—and Frederic, fill my place to him, do not let him be lonely in his old age. Farewell," murmured she, and clasped her arms about him. "Kiss me, Frederic—"

For some moments Hamilton thought life had left her. Oucona advanced and removed her from Hamilton. Like one touched by a serpent, she recoiled from his grasp, and resumed her place beside Hamilton.

"Speak," cried Oucona.

For a moment she struggled with herself, and answered not.

The Indian, whose office it was to be the executioner, raised his tomahawk over Hamilton's head.

"Speak," repeated Oucona.

"Frederic, farewell for ever!" gasped Elizabeth.

"Man! Oucona!" shrieked she, as he raised his hand as the signal for Hamilton's death. "Stay, I accept your offer," and fell fainting at his feet.

"Savage! fiend!" thundered Hamilton. "She does not—she is mad!—she knows not what she says!"

"She is mine," replied Oucona, lifting with a smile the fainting form of his victim, "and you are free."

In an incredibly short space of time a party of savages were in the saddle. Hamilton, bound upon a horse in their midst. In vain did he entreat for a parting word with Elizabeth; he was hurried away without even a look. For one day they accompanied him, and then taking his horse from him, left him alone in the forest, a prey to more anguish than we poor ignorant mortals think ought to be experienced by any but the wicked. Such intense suffering can visit the bosom of man but seldom, and mercifully has God ordained that the trial shall not exceed the strength of the sufferer. By afflictions are we purified; therefore does an inscrutable Providence heap sorrows unnumbered upon the innocent head, and reserve its seeming blessings for the undeserving. In our short-sightedness we wonder that it should be so, and mentally distrust the wisdom of the Ruler. In his *love* he sends trials, "for whoso the Lord loveth, he chasteneth," and the very events which we think *blessings*, may prove greater curses to the wicked than any dispensation our justice-dealing hearts could wish them.

Return and rescue Elizabeth, Hamilton could not; he neither knew the way, nor had he the means. After much mental conflict he decided upon hastening on to the nearest settlement, and by his entreaties and promises, raising a force and immediately retracing his steps. Having once decided on the course to pursue, he endeavored by activity of body to deaden the agony of his mind.

CHAPTER IX.

Many among the tribe were disposed to murmur that the prisoner, from whose tortures so much amusement was expected, should have been snatched from them in so summary a manner; and it required all the influence Oucona possessed to prevent some outbreak of the general dissatisfaction. Afraid of stretching his authority too far, and thus appearing to brave their prejudices too openly, he refrained from approaching his captive until the tribe should have in some measure regained their confidence in him. He knew that the marriage he contemplated was directly opposed to their customs, and would meet with much discouragement and opposition. He had been betrothed to Namora, whose relations were among the most influential of the tribe; he, therefore, deemed it prudent to let the present excitement subside before his marriage was agitated. Looking upon Elizabeth as his property, by her own consent, and knowing how impossible was her escape, he allowed her full liberty.

Namora, casting out all jealousy from her generous heart, pitied our heroine, and did all in her

power to comfort and sustain her. Together they walked forth, and most comforting were their discourses to our heroine. She did not consider herself bound by the oath she had been compelled to give, and resolved to escape, even should death be the alternative. Many of their days were passed in the woods, from which Elizabeth always returned with a mind strengthened and consoled by communing with Nature. She saw how the Creator cared for each little bird and insect; how then could she doubt that in his own good time he would succor her? She did not. She had been so favored as to save Hamilton's life, for which she daily thanked her God, and she doubted not that he would return and rescue her as soon as human means could compass it; if he should not come in time—her life was in her own hands, and God would forgive a crime committed in self-defense.

One day when the weather promised to be unusually warm for the season, which was late in the autumn, they wandered far into the woods, and yielded themselves to the sweet influence of a lovely day. Namora had wandered a short distance from Elizabeth, when a small piece of paper came fluttering to her feet. She eagerly seized it and read the following words:

"We have been seeking you for months; now having discovered you, can never find you unaccompanied by that Indian girl. Is she your keeper? If so, raise your hand, and we will kill her; we must be rid of her, or we cannot rescue you. Seat yourself just under the rock opposite, and listen to what I say."

She did not recognize the hand-writing, but joyfully prepared to obey the command.

"Must we remove the Indian?" said a voice which she was sure she had never heard before.

"Give me leave to speak with her," replied Elizabeth, "and then you may come boldly forth. She is my only friend, and will gladly assist me to escape."

Having done so, Elizabeth was both astonished and alarmed when an Indian appeared and joined them. Her unpracticed eye did not detect the imposture, which Namora instantly saw through.

"White man," said she.

In as brief a manner as possible the pretended Indian informed her who he was, and where his companions were. He was the old Gower's son. For several days he had been trying to speak with her, but dared not on account of the presence of Namora; Graham had written the paper at his request, with which he first attracted her notice. He trusted, should he be seen, that his Indian attire might serve as a disguise; his father and Graham were several miles off; a young soldier was with them, he said, a prisoner of Major Graham's. It was agreed that Elizabeth and Namora should return to the village, and give out that the former was sick. At dusk they were to come to the same place, where Gower told her Major Graham would meet her. Elizabeth hoped, by feigning sickness, to gain at least a day's start. Namora promised to keep her flight a secret as long as possible.

At night Graham met Elizabeth and the young Indian. Several miles had to be traversed before the station was reached where the horses were. Hope and fear lent strength to Elizabeth, and had the distance been thrice what it was, she would have walked it joyfully. She tried every persuasion that she thought might induce Namora to fly

with her, but all in vain. The Indian girl's affections were, like her own, centred upon one object; where that object dwelt was her world; what temptation could be offered strong enough to break the bond? Nevertheless, the parting was very painful to both, and Elizabeth felt, when the Indian girl departed, as though she was again left alone in the wilderness. These desponding feelings were dispelled by the necessity of straining every nerve to put as great a distance as possible between themselves and the Indian village before the absence of the prisoner should be discovered. For hours the glad feeling of escape lent Elizabeth strength to proceed; but at length she could no longer conceal from herself that rest was absolutely necessary. So wrought upon had her nerves been, and so unstrung her usually firm mind, that every time she closed her eyes some past tragedy would present itself before her mind. Shrieks and yells seemed to fill the air; dark forms appeared to glide from tree to tree; then, more intolerable than all, the winds would seem to form themselves into that sentence which had once struck such terror into her heart: "Oucona is come for the dark-eye." Unable to conquer these dreaming fancies, she besought Major Graham to proceed as soon as might be.

Again they set forward, and not till the evening of the fourth day did they make any longer halt than was absolutely necessary. This night, as it was milder than usual, and the distance they had placed between the Huron village and themselves, so great as to banish all fear of pursuit, they agreed to pass in sleep. The pedlar's son volunteered to watch; and under his surveillance they felt safe.

Elizabeth's mind had become composed; her health was improved, and indisposed for sleep, she lay awake for hours, revolving in her mind the events of her past life. Toward Major Graham she felt most grateful, not only for his kindness in undertaking so uncertain an expedition, but the constant attention he paid to her wishes and comforts. But she could not conceal from herself that his manner was more attentive than a friend's, and that he hoped for a warmer return than she could make him. To Hamilton, and the late occurrences in the Indian village, she had never recurred in her conversation with him; she endeavored to make her manner friendly though reserved. Toward the young officer, Graham's prisoner, she felt a mingled sentiment of pity and affection. Despatches to a royalist commander in Canada had been found upon him, and Major Graham deemed it his duty to detain him. Had Elizabeth not been very unwilling to lay herself under any obligation to Major Graham, she would have requested the freedom of the youth as a great favor done to herself; but this she was very averse to do. James Archer was about her own age, of a delicate, almost feminine appearance. He felt strongly inclined toward Elizabeth, from observing the friendly interest that she took in his affairs, and was often led by her to speak of his adventures and present situation. In the course of his conversation he frequently mentioned Hamilton as his best, and indeed only friend. He delighted to speak of him, and Elizabeth induced him to do so constantly, without betraying the peculiar interest that she took in the subject.

The old forester and his son seldom intruded upon her attention by word or act; and she was unaware how helpless would the two dwellers in

cities have proved but for the skill and knowledge of these two unlettered men.

While musing upon these and similar subjects, a slight rustling of the autumn leaves made her heart beat till she fancied each pulsation must be distinctly audible to any intruder. Their progress until now had been so uneventful that all idea of pursuit had vanished; the thought that chilled her blood, was that some wild beast was about to spring upon her. Gazing fearfully about her, she distinctly saw a form glide to the place where she knew Graham and Archer were sleeping. Breathlessly she awaited the war-whoop, which every moment she expected to break the ominous stillness. Again a human form appeared, and the agonizing thought rushed upon her distracted brain that the intruder, whom she doubted not was her savage foe, after murdering her companions, was about to claim her as his prisoner again. Un-speakable was her relief when she heard Graham's voice, addressed her in a whisper. He told her that their guides had reason to think that Indians were in the vicinity; the young hunter had aroused Archer and himself, and thought it safest to alarm her.

"And what are we to do?" inquired Elizabeth.

"We are to remain here, in this thick shade, while Gower and his son reconnoitre the neighborhood. The old man has great reliance upon the abilities of this son, the only one of his children, by the way, that he does seem to care for; though it may be that living so much among the Indians, he has only adopted one of their customs of concealing the feelings."

"Do you think as highly of his skill in forest life?"

"Indeed I do," whispered Graham. "He is a fine young man, and would make a noble soldier."

Elizabeth could see that although Graham endeavored to reassure her, by his manner, he was himself very anxious. A long time passed, and neither of the scouts returned. The three watchers strained their eyes and ears, but nothing save themselves seemed to be living within that vast forest.

"I fear something has happened," whispered Graham, cautiously, after a long silence. "Gower advised me, in case he or his son should not return in two hours, to make the best of my way toward the east. I think the time has passed."

"Hush!" whispered Archer and Elizabeth.

The distant report of a rifle was distinctly audible. Elizabeth clutched Major Graham's arm convulsively, and slowly raised her quivering finger until it pointed to a small opening in the forest, a few rods from them. Together her companions caught sight of the object that had frozen the life-blood in her veins.

Slowly and noiselessly a majestic savage advanced from the shade into the small opening illumined by the moonlight. His eagle glance peered into the darkness around, and when his face was turned toward their lurking-place, our travelers gave themselves up for lost. Elizabeth felt Graham's arm thrown around her; the motion was involuntary, and she had not the heart to repulse him in that moment of danger. Long the savage gazed and listened; but no ray of intelligence, no expression of triumph proclaimed that he saw them. The noble form and fine profile were distinctly visible against the clear sky; even the delicate smoothness of the small hand that grasped

the murderous tomahawk was perceptible in the moonlight. A splendid specimen of the sons of the forest was he, and had not one, at least, of his alarmed beholders felt such good reasons to distrust his intentions, they might have felt inclined to trust to the good feeling and generosity of one to whom Nature had been so bountiful.

Elizabeth had unconsciously breathed the name "Oucona!" her companion caught it, and knew that on the next few moments their lives depended.

Archer slowly raised his rifle to his shoulder, but Graham, perceiving his rash intention, with a strong hand pushed it down. As silently as he had come, Oucona departed. Each expected to feel that soft hand upon his shoulder, for each believed escape impossible. They were not seen, and once more comparatively safe. Gower joined them shortly, and they resumed their march. The old man spoke not a word, and his followers were too much occupied with internal thanksgivings to mark his taciturnity. After a tedious walk of half an hour, they came upon a partial clearing, on which some woodsman had erected a log-cabin. In early times an adventurous settler had built this dwelling, and brought his family to the spot. The place had been the scene of an Indian tragedy, and desolation now marked the spot. Such clearings were not unfrequent upon the outskirts of the more thickly settled parts of the country, and often served for shelter and protection to the wanderer. Some were built with considerable regard to strength and resistance. Such was the case in the present instance, though time and the elements had ruined and dismantled it. Gower led the way toward the entrance of the cabin, but the major and his companions started at beholding the form of a man stretched upon the grass directly in their path. The old man seated himself upon the ground, placed the head of the corpse, for such it was, upon his knees, and covered his face with his hands. The rifle shot had carried death to the young man; and there his father had found him, too late to save the bleeding trophy which too surely marks the Indians' victories.

Respecting the subdued grief of the old man, they entered the ruined house, and awaited there his further motions. When he came into them no trace of emotion remained in his manner, and he requested their assistance in digging a grave for the body. As quickly as possible this was done, and the corpse laid therein.

"I shall miss him much," murmured the old man; "he was the youngest and the best. The rest were undutiful boys, but he was always—he would have made the best hunter—"

Checking himself, he turned away, and Graham and Archer hastily finishing their task, joined him in the log-house.

"We must keep on," said Gower, "and put a good distance between us and them devils before morning. I must keep my engagement with you now; but the time will come when my poor boy will be revenged."

"The horses," said Graham. "Where are they?"

"We are safer without them," answered Gower. "Still," said he, musing, "our speed would be much greater if we had them.—Remain here, I will bring them."

No further impediment delayed their progress, and ere many days Graham had the satisfaction of

placing Elizabeth in her father's arms, at New York.

CHAPTER X.

"Mr. Archer will have no objection to giving his parole," said Major Graham, as he arose from the table at General Lee's house; "therefore we will spend the evening together as friends, and not foes."

Archer was about to signify his assent, when a warning gesture from Elizabeth made him desist. He declined pledging himself.

"Then," said General Lee, "it becomes my duty, sir, to see that you are placed where escape will be impossible."

In obedience to General Lee's commands, Archer was placed in an upper chamber, and a guard stationed at the door. Elizabeth's gesture had been involuntary, and no plan to aid had entered her mind at the time. From that moment she had tasked her ingenuity to assist him, and at last was obliged to venture upon so shallow an artifice, and one so often tried, that she hardly dared think of success. She was not aware of the fate that would befall Archer; but she knew that the lightest consequence would be a long and perhaps severe imprisonment. This she resolved to save him from, if possible, even at the cost of discovery to herself. She knew that the soldier at his door would be changed at midnight; waiting then until near that time, she put an extra dress over the one she wore; a shawl beneath the one upon her shoulders, and a cap in her pocket. She then presented herself at the door and demanded admittance. Having no orders to the contrary, she was allowed entrance. Explaining her design to Archer, she put the articles upon him which she had provided, and hurried him from the room. She laughed at all consequences to herself, and her only anxiety was to give him as long a start as possible. This might be until morning if the guard now at the door should not mention her visit to the soldier who would relieve him. Gratefully thanking her for her kind assistance, and promising to send her word of his success if possible, he obeyed her wishes and prepared to depart. Elizabeth called to the guard to open the door, then hastily retreating, Archer took her place, and in the dim light passed unquestioned. His resemblance to Elizabeth had been already mentioned, and so good was the deception, that he might have escaped under much more difficult circumstances.

No sooner was he gone than our heroine began to tremble for herself. Until now she had hardly given a thought to her own share in the transaction. By the unbroken quiet in the house, she knew that Archer had made good his retreat, and her thoughts had leisure to return to her own position. Had her feelings toward the young man been other than they were, the very circumstance of visiting him at that late hour would have deterred her from the course she had taken. The time seemed endless until the guard was changed. What if he should look into the chamber to see if his prisoner was still there! She could hear words between them, and good-night exchanged. Could she only pass without raising any suspicions, Archer would be beyond pursuit long before day-break. As soon as all was again quiet, she demanded that the door should be opened. "Good-night, Mr. Archer," said she, and hastily passed the soldier.

"Ma'am," said he, in amazement, "Tilton told me that you were gone!"

For a moment she hesitated, then answered quietly:

"It was my maid, sir, who left the room."

"I suppose the light was so dim he took her for you, ma'am," replied the man, and allowed her to pass.

Elizabeth hurried to her own room to ponder over the fearful displeasure with which she should be visited on the morrow. That her share in the transaction would be discovered, she never for a moment doubted, and determined to bear the consequences as best she might.

CHAPTER XI.

"If every person's secret care
Was written on his brow,
How many would our pity share,
Who raise our envy now!"

About two months after the event narrated in the preceding chapter, a letter received from Archer stretched Elizabeth upon a bed of sickness, from which in her inmost heart she prayed that she might never rise again. This letter was put into her hand by a stranger, as she was entering the house after walking. No superscription was upon it, and her heart beat with joyful emotion at the thought that it was from Hamilton. The reversion of feeling caused by the cruel contents, so different from those she had so fondly hoped, proved too much for her to endure. The letter was from Archer, and written according to his promise, to give her assurance of his safety. He had reached Canada in season to bear part in several engagements.

"I am well in body," wrote he, "though sorely ill in mind. I have lost my best friend, one whose kindness and love can never be replaced to me. Upon our weary pilgrimage through the woods I often spoke of him to you, perhaps you have not forgotten his name. Colonel Hamilton was slain by a party of Indians, about two months ago; these savages were supposed to have belonged to the Huron tribe. You, who knew not this gentleman, can never sympathise with me for his loss; those only who knew him as I did, can mourn for him as I do."

From the receipt of this heart-rending letter, one painful idea took possession of Elizabeth's mind. Her breach of promise had been Hamilton's death-warrant; to her, and not to the Indians was his death attributable, for had she not set the example of breaking faith?

A settled dependency seized upon her; she no longer took any interest in what had before caused her pleasure; and the feeling that her health was returning, that she might yet have long years to live, wrung from her many a frantic wish that God would be pleased to call her to himself. When the first agony of grief was passed, no one could have more reprobated her sinful repining than she did herself; by degrees she resigned herself to the Divine will, and determined to pass a life of active duty, which should not give her mind a chance to prey upon itself and render her a useless burden upon others. None can tell the struggles and prayers by which she conquered her rebellious spirit; none know, until called upon to make the declaration, how difficult it is for a wrung and desolate soul to say sincerely and from the heart, "Thy will, O Lord, and not mine, be done."

Elizabeth arose from her sick bed, resumed her household duties, and hid her aching heart beneath a placid countenance. Her returning tranquillity was disturbed by an offer of his hand and heart from Major Graham. Had this offer been made directly to herself, she would firmly and decidedly have declined it; but Major Graham had first spoken with General Lee, whose mind had long been bent upon the union. He prayed, he entreated, he commanded; but Elizabeth was not one to yield to fear what she withheld from affection. Major Graham joined his entreaties to her father's, and Elizabeth begged for a month's delay. During this interval she reasoned much with herself, and had many conversations with her father. The latter conjured her, for his peace of mind, to accept Graham. "I am going," said he, "to the South, from which I may never return. You own that you have no attachment for any living person; give me then the satisfaction of seeing you united to one both able and willing to protect you. Major Graham loves you; has long loved you; you say that he has your perfect esteem; why then refuse to both what we so earnestly ask?"

"Am I not," said Elizabeth to herself, "acting a selfish and unchristian part? Am I not sacrificing the happiness of an amiable man to unreasonable grief for another? And yet—to marry!—and so soon—impossible; I cannot, cannot do it. My life can never be happy, but why should I refuse to make another so?"

My readers can probably imagine her decision.

No earthly reasons could have induced her to marry under other circumstances, and death would have been far preferable to a union with another had Hamilton been still alive. To Graham's eloquent pleading she yielded a half reluctant assent; and her father saw her married before duty called him to the South.

General Lee went with the army to Charleston; his forebodings were verified, for he fell in an engagement while defending the fort on Sullivan's island. Elizabeth's grief was sincere, though not violent; her father had always been a stern, unbending man toward whom her feelings partook more of awe than confiding affection.

Since her marriage New York had been her home, and active duties had in some measure restored the serenity of her mind. She had endeavored to banish all thoughts of Hamilton, except as a friend long lost; and if she did revert to him often in her mind, she labored hard to atone for the involuntary fault. The birth of a son added to her sources of pleasure. Since sorrow had laid so heavy a hand upon her young life, her mein had become sad and subdued. Her husband was kind and affectionate, and severely did she take herself to task for her unloving and thankless heart, but in vain; the idea that her lover had perished through her fault had given him so strong a hold upon her memory that death alone could erase it.

Major Graham had chosen for their abode, a rural dwelling some short distance from the more thickly settled part of the city, around which a lovely garden gave employment and unfailling pleasure to Elizabeth. She sat within the parlor one summer's afternoon, just before dusk, with her infant in her arms. Her husband was absent in the city, and she sat there alone, lulling her infant to sleep. Gently she arose, and passing into the next room, laid the lovely child within his cradle. She bent over his little bed and kissed his rosy cheek; her heart turned to the boy's father with an invo-

luntary gush of love. His constant and unwear- ing tenderness had begun to claim its reward, and she longed for his return home that she might greet him with loving and tender words. Full of soft- ening feelings, Elizabeth passed through the open door and paced the gravel walk just without the windows. When happy, the heart invariably gushes out into song; and fragments of old familiar airs arose to her lips and relieved her heart.

The little gate was gently opened, and a gentle- man entered the garden. Elizabeth was walking slowly in advance; with a quick and eager step he followed her, and catching her in his arms, im- printed kiss after kiss upon her lips and forehead. She had caught one look of his face, then twining her arms around his neck, her head sunk powerless upon his shoulder.

"Why do you not speak to me, my beloved?" exclaimed he, pressing her to his heart, with a per- fect joy and happiness upon his face. "I ask not how I find you here alive and well, whom I have so long mourned as dead. I am too happy to ask questions."

"Will you not speak one word to me, my Eli- zabeth," added he anxiously, gently raising her head from his shoulder.

Her only reply was to close her eyes and cling to him with a sort of desperation. For some mo- ments he regarded her with a look of exquisite love, and again kissed her pale forehead and pil- lowed it on his bosom.

Starting from his embrace, she beckoned him to follow her, and with desperate calmness led the way to the bedside of her child. There she knelt beside the cradle, and bending over the sleeping infant, murmured almost inaudibly:

"He is mine, Frederic."

As though stricken by some mighty arm, Hamil- ton staggered to the mantle-piece, and leaning heav- ily against it, appeared like one suddenly bereft of sense.

"Dear, dear Frederic," cried Elizabeth, remem- bering only the intense sufferings he was so evi- dently enduring; "I thought you dead, and in a fatal hour gave myself away. But I am yours still; oh, more than ever yours, God only knows how I still love. Are you not married?" For- give me, oh God, that I had forgotten it!

"I may take a last kiss, Elizabeth, and your husband need not envy me."

Hamilton pressed his lips to hers, and then im- printed a kiss upon the rosy cheek of the infant; a tear remained upon that little cheek when the un- happy Hamilton had fled.

CHAPTER XII.

FREDERIC HAMILTON TO ELIZABETH GRAHAM.

"Forgive, my still adored Elizabeth, the ab- ruptness of my departure last evening. Think of my misery, my agony in finding you but to yield you to another. By our past happiness, grant me one interview, at any hour you please, and make me, if possible, less wretched. FREDERIC."

ELIZABETH GRAHAM TO FREDERIC HAMILTON.

"I know not by what title to address one upon whose affections I have no longer any claim. For years I have thought you no longer among the liv- ing, and schooled my heart to bear the weary re- mainder of my days. Judge me not hardily, and

after you have listened to my explanation, give me your esteem if you withdraw your affection. A young friend of yours, named Archer, sent me an account of your death. I was utterly prostrated by the blow; I think my sense of feeling became stunned. You have awakened thoughts, regrets, and hopes, which are unholly for a wife to feel or acknowledge. My father urged my marriage with his friend, and I, no longer seeking my own hap- piness, at length yielded. But believe me, my too dear, too well beloved Frederic, I never, never would have consented, had I not thought you for- ever snatched from me. I have labored with earnest prayer to fulfill my duties as a wife, but until my blessed child was given me to occupy the aching void you left in my heart, my success was but imperfect. My excellent, my noble husband, deserves his wife's whole love; while I brought to him a broken-heart, which has stubbornly refused to cherish him as it ought. Has my lot been a happy one? I was just beginning to feel an inter- est in life, once more looking forward to the future with hope; and I awake from my gathering dream of happiness again to shed unavailing tears over the unrecorable past. For God's mercies, I hum- bly and thankfully adore him, for in the midst of my affliction has he seen fit to remove from me one bitter draught. One horrid thought, which has preyed upon me daily and hourly, I now banish. I persuaded myself that your life had been the forfeit of my broken promise to the In- dian. I thank God, that whatever my sufferings may be, that, at least, is mercifully spared me. Dear Frederic, my Frederic once, I know your kind heart and generous temper, and therefore fear not that you will refuse my earnest prayer. By the love you once bore me, do not seek to see me again. I know not how you discovered me, but in pity, in mercy, forbear to visit me. I feel that I am weak; but my duty is plain and I must, and with God's help, I will perform it. I will not wrong my husband by appointing meetings when he is away, and I cannot see you in his presence. Ask it not, Frederic, for I throw myself upon your generosity and forbearance, because you could so easily have access to me did you insist upon it. May every blessing be showered upon you, and that you may again experience that happiness of which I have forever deprived myself, is the prayer of ELIZABETH."

FREDERIC HAMILTON TO ELIZABETH GRAHAM.

"I feel in my soul, my best beloved, that you were right. I was selfish and unfeeling to ask to see you. Forgive me and I will pain you no more. How unkind must I have seemed never to have sought you since we parted under such agonizing circumstances; but hear my excuse and you will no longer blame me. When you devoted yourself to eternal misery to save me, I was hurried a day's journey, and left in the forest, without guide or horse, and perfectly ignorant in what way to direct my course. I went toward the east, sub- sisting upon roots and herbs; upon the second day I encountered some hunters, who provided me with food and accompanied me to the nearest settle- ment. A company was collected, and without loss of time we retraced our steps toward the Indian village. I arrived only to have your grave pointed out to me, and to be told that you had destroyed yourself rather than keep your vow. I now comprehend the malignant look of the sa-

vage who informed me. The greater part of the tribe were away, and such was doubtless the tale invented to deceive me. When I reached Canada, young Archer had left there, and I have not seen him since. I threw up my commission in the army, and have since been traveling from place to place in the vain hope of banishing memory. Last evening, strolling through the street, your voice, singing a well remembered air, attracted my attention. Without thought I entered your garden and found you—married. I shall never cease to love and pray for you. In return for your request granted, refuse not to grant one to me. Should you ever need assistance, should you ever need protection, promise that you will apply to one whose right to assist and protect you and yours, you cannot deny. I shall leave America in the first vessel that sails, so fear no ungenerous intrusion. I pray that you may regain the tranquility I have so unhappily disturbed. May your child prove a comfort to you, and be more happy than his mother. Is he named yet, Elizabeth? I would have you remember as a friend, him, who till death, will be

Yours,
FREDERIC HAMILTON."

CHAPTER XIII.

In a darkened room in the south of France, lay a gentleman evidently upon the verge of the grave. The sun shone gayly without, the birds sang cheerfully, and the sweet flowers clustered around the low window of the chamber and filled the air with perfume. But the window was carefully closed, the bright sun and flowers shut out. The emaciated frame of the invalid could not bear even the gentle southern breezes. He lay in a kind of stupor, but ever and anon a fierce pang would agitate his exhausted frame, and cause him to grasp the hand of a lady who sat beside him, until the pain was almost more than she could bear. The lady, though pale and worn out by anxious attendance upon her husband, was still a lovely woman.

England and America were at length at peace. America had declared her independence, and her noble sons had maintained it. The peace sent many home to England to meet their friends; among the rest, Major Graham and his wife. Major Graham had received a severe wound, which had never healed; and after they had been a few months in England, by the advice of the physicians, they removed to the south of France. He suffered great pain at times, and had been declining ever since they arrived; and now, as his wife sat watching him, she almost expected to see the breast heave no more after each fierce pang.

For many hours she had watched by the bed, as patient and as silent as though a marble figure; which the exceeding fairness of her complexion resembled. He was unwilling that she should leave him for a moment, and seemed to find his only ease in knowing that she was by him, and her hand in his. Noon came, yet she moved not.

A servant opened the door softly, and would have taken the wife's place, but she beckoned her away, and resumed her weary watch. As the sun went down, the spasms became fewer, the intervals of ease were longer; he fell into a quiet slumber, and Elizabeth seizing the opportunity, summoned the servant, and walked forth into the air.

A beautiful boy perceiving her, came bounding toward her, and commenced his noisy gambols.

"Hush, Frederic," said she, laying her finger upon his rosy lips. "We must make no noise, papa is very sick. He is going to die," added she, taking him upon her lap; "he is going away from Frederic and mother."

The child raised his large black eyes to his mother's face in wonder. What child can comprehend death? And yet to what child does it not convey a sense of something awful and affecting?

"Are you going, too?" said he, while the tears chased each other down his cheeks.

"Not yet, my darling," said she, kissing him. "I hope I shall be spared to you some time."

The nurse recalled her to the house, her husband had awakened and asked for her. An hour after the servant found the child asleep, the tears still glittering on his smooth cheek. What was his idea of death?

When Elizabeth returned to the room, the dying man stretched out his hand, and welcomed her with a faint smile.

"Open the windows, love," said he, "and let the light and air once more visit me. Do not fear," added he, perceiving that she hesitated, "it cannot harm me."

Elizabeth did as he desired, and the setting sun streamed across the chamber.

"I am better," said he, "and think that fearful pain will not visit me again. I wish to speak with you while I am able. You have been a kind, good wife to me, dutiful and gentle to my many failings; but, Elizabeth, you never loved me. I knew I had not your heart when I married you, but I thought you had no other attachment, and trusted to my own endeavors to win it. I have failed—perhaps I was not gentle enough; I was older, and did not enter enough into your feelings. I was harsh—"

"No, no, exclaimed Elizabeth," struggling to repress her tears. "You have always been kind, more so than I deserved," added she, bursting into tears and burying her face in her hands.

"Do not grieve so," said he, tenderly placing one feeble arm around her as she leaned over him. "Do not reproach yourself—I know all, my wife."

With a start of astonishment she raised herself and looked fearfully at him. Had he known all, why did he marry her.

"Do not think so meanly of me, my beloved," continued he, replacing the arm which had fallen when she moved, "as to believe I knew it when we married. I heard it from Hamilton himself."

"From Frederic," cried she.

"Yes, from Frederic," said he mournfully. "I saw him as he rushed from my house on the night that he discovered you. I followed him and demanded an explanation, and returned home a miserable man. To exonerate you, he showed me his letters and yours. Still I did not give up the hope of one day winning your regard. Your esteem you could not deny me. I was aware of your reasons for naming our boy," continued he, with a faint smile.

"Good, kind, generous Charles," cried Elizabeth, abandoning herself to an agony of self-reproach; "live for me a year, a month, a week, that I may show you how I can love you."

"Too late," replied he, mournfully. "I have lived long enough. Kiss me, Elizabeth, and I will sleep."

His distress was over, and for several hours he slept well.

What feelings of awakening tenderness; what remorse she felt for her opinion of him. How often had she thought him careless and unfeeling, when had she known his heart, she could not have too much admired his forbearance. If she had but given him her confidence before marriage, how much unhappiness had she spared to those she loved best on earth. Had she not been so easily persuaded into what was so repugnant to her, how much would she have spared herself. Alas! how easy it is to see what we *should* have done when option is no longer left us, and how difficult to decide rightly when the decision is before us.

"Bring me my boy," whispered Graham. He caught her hand as she arose, and said with difficulty. "I have been watching you my beloved wife, and have seen your sorrow. Do not grieve for me, for you have made me very happy."

Elizabeth returned with the child, just awakened, and held him to his father.

"I give him into your care, Elizabeth," said he, after he had kissed him. "He looks like you; I have appointed you his sole guardian."

Overcome with this fresh instance of his love and trust in her, she hastened from the room to compose herself.

As the sun set, a change came over Graham, and his wife knew that he was dying. Raised upon pillows, his head reclining on her shoulder, his breath become shorter and shorter. His lips moved; she leaned down to listen; the words were scarcely audible.

"Could he have loved you better?"

Wildly she clasped him in her arms, and prayed that he might be spared to her. Had she not selfishly cherished her sorrows and shut her heart against him, thereby imbittering the life which had been devoted to her? We will not attempt to describe her feelings at the loss of one, whose value she had learned too late. With difficulty could she be separated from the body of her husband. Insensible to all else, she fondly clung to him, whom she loved better dead than ever she had while living.

To a beautiful cottage in the western part of England did Elizabeth, after three years of mourning, again come as a bride. To an earlier union she objected, and Hamilton had respected her feelings too much to urge it. She was no longer young, and many thought no longer beautiful. But to Hamilton she had never looked fairer than when she had bestowed her hand to him who had so long possessed her heart.

"Here is our home, Elizabeth; *my* Elizabeth, I may say now," said Hamilton as they entered the house. "It shall be my care to make you happy here."

A smile of perfect happiness was his only answer.

"We are at home," continued Hamilton, placing Elizabeth at his side, and her child upon his knee. "Now am I happy, for I can say, my wife, my child, and my home."

A MERRY HEART.

BY "AN AULD HEAD ON YOUNG SHOUTERS."

A MERRY heart! a merry heart!

Oh, tell me not 't is vain
To twine a bright and sunny wreath
Upon life's weary chain!
There's ne'er a link, though dark it be,
With rust of earth-worn care,
But willing hands and merry hearts
May place a gilding there!

I ken that life has much of ill,
Of weariness and wo,
And change and sorrow ever mark
Our pilgrimage below;
But vainly, vainly have we lived,
If yet we cannot trace
The more than half of gladsome things,
That in our life have place!

Oh, who may look upon our earth
And sit him down and sigh?
When passing shadows ever tell
A rainbow in the sky?

And who may read from bending flower,
And stream, a lesson sad?
The very sunlight on the leaves
Seems penciling "be glad!"

Life bath its hours to weep,
But, oh! a spirit light for me!
That only bends a while in grief
To wake more joyfully!
That ever weaves some happy tale
Of its own joyous store
Of hopes and feelings, that may vie
With *all* of sorrow's lore!

Such kindly spirit give to me,
And brow that wears a smile,
And gentle word and greeting,
When the heart *might* break the while!
That heart, though fettered, and o'er-wrought,
Its willing duty plies,
Has something of the sunlight of
A world beyond the skies!

THE TWO FUNERALS.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

THE village was all astir, men, women, and children were moving about with grave and anxious faces; all business was suspended, and a spectator would have understood that the community had suffered some general calamity. The great man of the village had died of apoplexy, induced by luxurious living and indolent habits. He had died, and this was the day appointed for his funeral.

At twelve o'clock the procession formed. First came the clergy of the various denominations, in their long white scarfs, ornamented with rosetts of white crape and ribbon; then came the hearse in its dismal pomp, drawn by two coal-black horses, after the hearse came the coach of the deceased, drawn also by black horses, all covered with crape, and guided by reins wound with the same badges of mourning.

Within the carriage were the widow and her sister, a nephew and a niece, (children she had none.) Doubtless they were weeping, though enclosed in the carriage and shrouded in their crape, their tears were not exposed to the public eye. Then followed the more distant relatives and the invited mourners, all in sable, and moving with due solemnity and decorum. The villagers had all forgotten the noon day meal, and numbers fell in with the procession, while others occupied doors and windows, peeping at the pageant from behind white kerchiefs, which they held to their faces that the mourners might observe their sympathy. But the mourners observed them not; and had it been otherwise, they would have understood the worth of such sympathy; for how could people feel genuine sorrow for those who had never aided or befriended them or theirs even by one kind word. But he had been a rich man, and his family was bitterly bereaved, much to be pitied—so said the villagers.

And who was the man whose death was so universally lamented? He was a foreigner, who came to America as agent for a company of Holland landholders. He so managed the business of the company, that his profits, together with his salary, enabled him to live sumptuously, and to build a splendid mansion, in which he lived in haughty exclusiveness, holding no more familiar intercourse with the villagers than a Persian monarch of old held with his subjects. His wife was equally reserved and exclusive, and excepting their relatives, none in the village saw the interior of her dwelling.

His physicians warned him that unless he abstained from wine and brandy, and his luxurious living, he would not long survive; but he could not deny his appetite, and so he died, leaving his childless widow mistress of his large fortune, and sole possessor of his spacious mansion and fertile farm.

And all the village mourned for him, and lamented for the bereaved widow and relatives.

The mournful pageant was ended—the mourners were comforting their hearts with wine and feasting—and now another funeral is moving to the city of the dead. The coffin is borne upon a bier

by four men in laborer's dresses, and it is well for them that the poor attenuated form is no more of a burden, for there are none to relieve them by taking the bier in turn from their weary shoulders. The widow, humbly clad in black, leading a girl of twelve years, who wept aloud and staggered as she walked, was followed by two young boys, sobbing and trembling, and a few poor women and children sowing the way with tears. The villagers looked indifferently on the procession, and those who met it hurried past almost without a decent greeting.

"He was a poor painter whom nobody had patronized. He had been a long time ill, and his wife had maintained him and his children by her labor. Her task would be lighter now that she had him no longer to nurse and provide for. It was a folly in her to weep." So said the villagers.

And who was he? The son of a widow who brought up her boy in the fear and love of God, and denied herself every luxury to give him the means of acquiring an education. But the boy was gifted with an extraordinary genius for painting. With him it was not an art, but an instinct. In childhood he would sketch a landscape, with its buildings and living creatures, so truthfully that the beholder could hardly believe that he was looking upon a painted canvas. Next he executed portraits in which the spirit of the original seemed living in beauty, affection, joy, or sorrow. His soul worshiped the beautiful, and to transfer all that was lovely to his animated canvas, was a delight which absorbed all his mighty mind. His mother lamented his infatuated devotion to his pencil, as she foresaw that the difficulties in the way of his attaining to wealth, or even competence by its exercise, must be to a spirit delicately and sensitively constituted like his utterly insuperable. She represented to him that unless some fortunate casualty should give his name celebrity, he might starve in the midst of his pictures, excellent and life-like though they might be.

He listened and believed her words, for he was docile and affectionate; he forsook the pencil and studied law. He became very learned, but his spirit was too gentle, too diffident, too loving, and too truthful for the practice of a profession which requires moral courage, self-confidence, recklessness of wounding the feelings of others, and an ability to contend earnestly, and with subtle argument, that falsehood is truth, and that guilt is innocence, that truth is falsehood, and that innocence is guilt. Having made a few unsuccessful efforts, he became utterly disgusted with the legal profession, and having on hand a beautiful painting, he ventured to put it up at an exhibition. It was enthusiastically admired; indeed, its truthfulness and glowing magnificence wholly eclipsed all those amongst which it was exhibited, catching every eye, and fixing every spirit in wonder and delight. The young painter was sought out, courted, applauded, deferred to; in short, made a lion of for a few days, and what was of infinitely more importance

to him, several of the upper ten thousand sat to him for their portraits. Elated, as conscious genius when it finds itself appreciated, usually is, Mr. Morton now ventured to enter the marriage state with one whom he had long worshiped as the most beautiful of earth's angels. She was faultless in form, and pure of heart, affectionate, and dependent, and she looked up to Charles Morton as a being superior to all else who walked in the image of the Creator. But beauty and fervent love were all she brought him. She had no mind. She could listen to his words, she could look upon his works, and admire and worship. She could rejoice in all his joy, and in his hours of sadness she could twine her beautiful arms about his neck and weep—but this was all. She had not strength of mind to sustain and counsel him in adversity; she had not energy to share his burden and lead him on to affluence and honor. She was to him like the babe on its mother's bosom, very dear and precious, but still a burden and a care. If he had been wealthy he might never have felt this; but he who is to wrest fame or competence from the cold and jealous world, should be yoked with one who can walk beside him, and aid him in his efforts; not one whom he must carry in his arms and soothe ever with caresses.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton commenced house-keeping in a genteel though unostentatious manner, as befitted his present condition and hopes for the future, and for a while they were perfectly happy. His pictures were true to nature, none could mistake the likeness. But, alas! they were too true, and the unmistakable likeness was their greatest fault. Vanity was offended because the picture did not possess the ideal charms with which it had invested itself. The lover was offended because the image of his idol lacked the witching graces with which his fancy had invested her. The mother could not look complacently on the unflattered representation of her vacant-faced darlings; and the child, whose pride it had been to say I am very much like my father or mother, would not find pleasure in contemplating the picture which was not beautiful, and still every portrait was universally declared to be a perfect likeness. But he in his simplicity, imagined that truthfulness was the greatest merit which a portrait could possess; and when some of his very best were left uncalled for to grace his otherwise solitary studio; and when others were removed from the parlors in which his once enthusiastic friends had placed them, and he found himself neglected, avoided, contemptuously treated, he sought in vain to divine the cause—never once suspecting the truth.

With neglect came poverty, and wounded sensibility chafed the spirit and undermined the health. At length "poor Morton" left his native place, broken in health, fortune, and spirit; came to our village, took possession of a humble dwelling, and earned a subsistence for his family by serving as a merchant's clerk. In his little parlor hung portraits of his wife and children, and several of our wealthy villagers who saw them, entreated him to resume his pencil, but he always gave a decided refusal. He had been so bitterly mortified, so cruelly hurt, that every solicitation awakened feelings of keen agony.

His poor Julia was content with poverty, so she but shared it with him, and her fervent, faithful love was very sweet to him, and rendered her the object of his devoted affection, while her neighbors clamored against her indolence, her slatternly ha-

bits, and her childish simplicity, and wondered how a man like Morton could have patience with such a worthless housekeeper. Their remarks sometimes reached her ears, but no bitter nor vindictive word ever escaped her lips. She was conscious of her deficiencies, but had not energy sufficient to attempt a reform.

Thus genius and truth, which should have worn immortal honors, and love and sweetness, which should have charmed the world, were neglected, condemned, and suffered to wither in obscurity.

The Mortons might have lived comfortably on his salary, but the neighbors said "they were so improvident, giving to all the needy as long as they had a cent, or any thing in the house."

Consequently they only lived from day to day, but many of the sick, the widows, and the orphan children prayed morning and evening for their generous benefactors. But Mr. Morton was evidently dying at the heart. The genius which found no employment for its vast powers was consuming his life. His poor Julia saw him fading away, and clung to him with the more fervent devotion—ah, if her pure, warm heart had been shrined in a strong and lofty intellect, it would have been otherwise with him. She could love him, could weep and rejoice with him, could worship his mighty mind, but she could not understand him—there was no spiritual sympathy between them. She could not comprehend the yearnings of his soul, and wept and wondered that with the comforts of life and her devoted love, he could not be contented and happy. Many a time, when he sat at evening abstracted and sad, did she chide him affectionately, and reproach him tenderly, and he would strive to smile—he could not tell her how his heart was yearning for the communion of a kindred spirit—that would have been cruel.

Every day he went mechanically to his business, performed his duty punctually and faithfully, and returned home at evening with a consciousness of having done his duty and honestly earned his stipend. But every day his step was more feeble, and his large eyes gleamed with a more unnatural lustre from his white thin face. Still his spirit was mighty and his heart warm with love. He never complained of his lot, and he never passed carelessly by any one who was wretched or destitute.

At length a pestilential disease broke out in our village. It chose its victims from among the aged, the young children, and the feeble in constitution. Many had died and been quietly buried, and there were many mourners, true, heart-stricken mourners; not such as followed the hearse of the great man to show their sympathy. The same day on which the rich man was stricken with the palsy which terminated his life, Mr. Morton was attacked by the prevalent epidemic.

"Julia," he said, "my dear, my beautiful, my faithful wife, do not weep so, poor love—we know that our God doeth all things well. But I must leave you dear, alone in this cold world. The thought is very bitter to me, my own. Oh, that we could all go together Julia, you and I, and our fair children. The world would not miss us, love, and the angels would be joyful at our coming. Oh, Julia, I am near Heaven. Heaven! where the mind is unchained, unchilled; free to soar, to unfold all its powers, to act, and to rejoice in all that God has given it. I am near Heaven, but I deem that I shall feel a want even there, until I see your

beautiful face amongst the cherubim, the spirits that are all love. You will come to me ere long; I know that your pure and loving heart is not doomed to wither many years in this ungenial clime. You will soon come to me in that blessed country where there is no fading, no disease, no change, no parting. Think love, how blessed we shall be, when we shall no longer fear want, or care, or dread of parting and death, and then all our society will be pure and beautiful, and full of immortal life and joy. Julia, love, you would not keep me from that holy place, and yet you will be so desolate; and, oh, I fear that you may lack for bread. But God, who is able, has promised to protect you. Trust in him always—he will not forsake you. Do not murmur against him because of your bereavement, but thank him that he preserved me from infidelity and vice; gave me a Christian's hope in his salvation, and took me early from this world, where beneath the beauty of his handiwork the Adversary has hidden snares and agonies. Be calm love, and let me enjoy your sweet society as of yore, until my change shall come. Then let your love for my orphans sustain you; live for their sakes, and teach them to love God, and to trust in his care and mercy. I know that you will never turn away from the miserable; you can at least give them a kind and pitying word, and even

that will come to their hearts like a blessing. You will do good to all for His sake, who said, 'inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

Mr. Morton died, and it was his body which was carried unattended to its lowly resting-place. The village, which had such overflowing sympathy for the widow who rode in her costly carriage, and returned from her husband's grave to her elegant mansion, where plenty rested in the lap of luxury, and servants awaited her bidding, and officious friends contended which should perform every office of kindness—had no pitying tear for her who walked sobbing and trembling behind the coffin of her only earthly friend, her sole support, her only beloved, and the tender father of *her* now desolate and unprotected children. Who returned after the sods were laid above the only heart that had loved her, to an humble dwelling in which she had not even a loaf of bread or a solitary penny.

Such is the world, and thus it discerns and appreciates. Who then should seek its applause, or prize its sympathy. Let us then endeavor to perform our duty, and be contented with the approbation of our own hearts, and the blessed consciousness of the approval of Him who seeth not as man seeth.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

[AN EXTRACT.]

All longings for prophetic sight,
All prayers to God for heavenly light,
All hopes and fears,
That fill the restless human heart—
All are but monitors to tell,
Most surely, that the soul shall dwell,
When severed from its earthly part,
In other spheres.

But, in the sunless paths of time,
Who shall reveal the truths sublime,
That darkly sleep
Within the solemn future's breast?
Or who shall solve the doubts and fears,
The mystic fancies that for years,
Have broken still my spirit's rest
And made me weep?

In all earth's countless human crowds,
Can no one drive away the clouds
That veil my sight?
Is there no prophet, sage or seer,
No priestess in the fane sublime,
The Delphian oracle of Time,
These gloomy shades of doubt to cheer,
And give me light?

With fervent energy, I call
On human seers and sages all,
But overhead,
Shadows and clouds still linger round;

No one to me can answer make,
No one the chain of doubt can break,
With which my soul is strongly bound—
None but the dead!

Yes, all earth's numerous creatures, save
The tenants of the grassy grave,
Are dumb and blind:
These, soaring from their homes of clay,
Freed from the fetters of their dust,
Range heaven to the uttermost,
Solving the doubts which day by day,
Oppress my mind.

Above the lofty walls of Time,
Their disembodied spirits climb,
And gaze about;
While their expanding vision sees
The broad fields of Eternity,
Blooming in boundless majesty,
Till e'en their new found energies
Are wearied out.

Then, soaring through the highest skies,
Future and Past before them rise,
And 'round them roll
Elements novel to their sight;
And moving on, new senses wake
In their renewing breasts, and make
New inlets for the stream of light
To flood the soul.

THE KNIGHT AVENGER.

A TALE OF CHIVALRY.

BY HENRY H. PAUL.

CHAPTER I.

SIR EDWARD CLIFFORD was Seneschal of Poictou in the reign of Edward III., which situation he held with great credit to himself and satisfaction to his royal master. Many of his exploits, in all of which he acted valiantly, are recorded by the old chroniclers, and the French and English historians both agree in representing him as a model of knighthood. During his seneschalship the fortified abbey of St. Salvin, in the electorate of Poitiers, was treacherously given up by a monk to a French knight named St. Louis de St. Julien, and he was made prisoner and confined in a dark dungeon, where he remained in momentary expectation of death, which his situation rendered even more desirable than life.

He had languished nearly two months in this loathsome abode, when one day he was startled by the entrance of Julien, the French knight.

Julien had in many battles witnessed the valor of this noble prisoner, and that admiration, which in baser minds turns to envy, in his produced esteem and emulation. He blushed not to think that in the person of a foe he found a quality worthy of imitation. Inspired with these sentiments, Julien felt an earnest desire to confer with one, whom, in the lofty moments of prosperity and fortune, he had regarded with admiration.

He was struck with horror on his entrance. By the pale glimmer of a lamp he discovered the brave man resting on an old moulded couch, and emaciated with disease occasioned by the damp air of the prison and the unwholesome food, which in scanty proportions was brought him each day for sustenance. His eye

“—Like the star-light of the soft midnight,
Had shed a lustre once so deeply bright,”

was now nearly extinguished, and the majesty and command which formerly sat upon his brow, had given place to the settled gloom of despair. On the entrance of the knight he exerted the little strength he had left, to rise, and collected into his aspect that look of resentment and determined resolution, which seemed to set at defiance every torment his haughty conquerors could inflict.

Julien stood some moments to contemplate him, and a powerful sympathy possessed his heart, while a tear involuntarily struggled from his eye. He remembered as he abstractedly mused, the instability of human greatness, which the poet has so beautifully likened to a flattering dream,

“A watery bubble, lighter than the air.”

Advancing toward the noble captive. “Valiant Sir Edward Clifford,” said he, with impressive slowness, “pardon an intrusion from one who al-

ready sufficiently knows how to esteem and admire that courage and virtue which fame has so justly recorded. I come not, noble Edward, as a taunting conqueror, to whom fortune, not merit, may have given the pre-eminence, but as a fellow soldier whose fate may one day resemble yours, to sympathize, and, if it may be so, to alleviate your sufferings.”

Edward was much surprised at an address of this character, when he expected nothing but austerity and reproach.

“I confess,” said he, “my extreme agitation at your visit, but acknowledge myself thy debtor for proffered kindness.”

These words were pronounced with a dignity and irresistible manner, which entirely charmed Julien; who, after conversing with him awhile, departed, first giving him the most earnest assurances of his release.

Julien immediately sought his father, the general of the forces, and petitioned for the liberation of the captive, but his aversion for the English knight being implacable, he would not listen to any arguments on the subject.

Edward, especially, was a peculiar object of hatred, for by his sword numbers of the French host had fallen. He therefore told his son that the penance must be borne.

The young knight, finding he could urge nothing further in behalf of the bondman, without being suspected of favoring the cause of the enemy, was silent. Determined, however, to contribute in some wise to his comfort, he suborned the turnkey of the prison by rich bribes, to favor his design of alleviating his sufferings, so that through his instrumentality Sir Edward experienced indulgencies which served greatly to lighten the horrors of his captivity. Once every day he was allowed to walk in a lawn adjacent to his dungeon, which contributed to the restoration of his health. He also received a comfortable bed, and was well provided with good wholesome food. What greatly added to his happiness was the frequent visits of his benefactor, whom he was now well assured tendered him these kindnesses from the most disinterested motives. His sprightliness and marked sympathy suffered him not to feel the total want of society, the deprivation of which is, perhaps of all others, the most insupportable misfortune.

A friendship, the natural result of reciprocal virtues, and superior to the mere dependence on local opinions and trifling jealousies, cemented their souls, and, on the part of Sir Edward, was increased by the most earnest gratitude. In this generous intercourse of mutual esteem, time seemed to pass with a less uneasy step; yet the active soul of the noble knight, ever burning for glory, could at times but impatiently endure the fetters that restrained him. He longed, as was his wont, to mount the fiery steed, and wield the flashing

sabre on the blood-stained field of combat—to stand

"The first in danger and the first in fame."

As he one night lay on his bed reflecting on the cruelty of his situation, the massive door of his dungeon was opened, and Julien entered disguised.

"Haste, my friend," said he, clasping his hand distractedly, "if you would embrace life and liberty, lose not a moment in following me."

Edward obeyed, and arrayed himself in the garment of a monk, which Julien had brought with him.

"To-morrow," said the latter, in a whisper, as he adjusted the cowed hood, "your life, my friend, with others of the noble prisoners taken in the last engagement, will be sacrificed to avenge those of my kinsmen slain in battle."

"How did you procure admission?"

Julien displayed a number of keys on a brass ring, which he had obtained from Marie, the beautiful daughter of the prison-keeper, and who was somewhat enamoured of the valiant Clifford.

"Hasten," said Julien, in a low voice.

"But," stopped the other to inquire, "will not my absence bring suspicion on you? Heaven forbid that I should bring a stain upon thy unsullied character."

"All is well," said the knight. "Tread with cautious step—these dungeons swarm with cold-blooded myrmidons who would strike us down without mercy—caution, caution!" Thus briefly speaking he led the way.

The tone of this rallied the scattered spirits of Sir Edward.

They passed, with the utmost speed, through the long, dark, tortuous avenues, and down a filthy staircase, which appeared to lead to a range of damp and gloomy stone vaults, till at length they found themselves without the iron-gates of the city: from thence Julien conducted his friend through many lone streets and retired passages, till they arrived at the summit of a hill at a considerable distance from the town; there, taking a diamond ring of most transcendent brilliance from his finger, he put it upon that of Clifford.

"Wear this in remembrance of our friendship, and should the fate of one of my kinsmen depend upon thy voice, look on it and think of the donor."

"But," gasped Clifford, "is this not treason. We are enemies, and—"

"Stay," interrupted Julien. "There is no witness save yon beautiful starry sky, the wing with which Providence covers the sleeping world, all studded over with bright eyes that ever watch."

"Right, right, but they are not babbling tale-bearers."

Clifford, overcome with the generosity and beneficence of his liberator, fell upon his neck and restrained not the tears that suffused his eyes. He acknowledged the kindness of the young knight as amply as his full heart would allow, and declared that for his sake, as far as was consistent with honor and integrity, the French should ever be dear to him.

After this interview they parted.

Julien retraced his steps toward the city, and Clifford sought with a throbbing heart his camp.

The feuds still existing between the nations, the two knights often met in the field, and though duty

and true *amor patriæ* obliged them to encounter as enemies, their hearts were still united; they esteemed each other with all the warmth of congenial friendship, and earnestly desired that happy period when the proclamation of peace would render their union no longer a crime. It was otherwise, war still raged with unabated fury; nothing was heard of but carnage and bloodshed, and it was as if Heaven had repented the making of mankind, and was casting them all into the sepulchre and charnel-house.

In one of the battles, Lord Thomas Percy, an officer of distinguished rank in the army, and the father of Sir Edward, having broken the ranks of the enemy, succeeded in throwing them into the utmost confusion. In the heat of conquest he urged forward his richly caparisoned steed with less prudence than courage, and aimed a stroke at the French commander, which must inevitably have left him among the slain, had not his son, the generous St. Julien, rushed forward, arrested the arm of the chieftain, and plunged a dagger into his breast. Lord Thomas, writhing with his death-wound, suffered himself to be borne from the scene of action to his tent, where a surgeon having examined his injuries, pronounced that he had but a few hours to live.

When Sir Edward was informed of the catastrophe that had befallen his sire, he hastened to his tent, and overwhelmed with grief, threw himself upon the ground and fervently entreated Heaven to spare so valuable a life. Then seizing his hand he bathed it with tears.

"No radiant pearl which crested Fortune wears,
No gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears;
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising sun that gilds the vernal morn,
Shines with such lustre as the tear that flows
Down Virtue's manly cheek for other's woes."

CHAPTER II.

The flowers were sprinkled with dew, and the bright verdure with which the ground was spread seemed of an elysian beauty and freshness. The sun, the golden sun flashed in all its splendor. It lighted up the pavilion where the bleeding warrior lay. The stalwort form of his son bent over him. It was a sad spectacle.

"Are we alone?" murmured he, as the young knight drew from his breast a white handkerchief to staunch the blood that rained down from a deep gash in his forehead.

Clifford instantly dispatched every one from the tent.

"Now," he feebly uttered, raising himself up in an agony of pain, "moderate you affliction—my life has been glorious, as is my death also. Give me but one assurance and I die fully content with my fate."

"Name it," said the son, impulsively grasping a lance that lay shattered by his side.

"Swear, Clifford, that the death of thy father shall be revenged."

"Blood for blood!" was the hoarse and convulsive reply.

Readily did the young knight consent, and he swore to perform that to which the poignancy of his present feelings readily prompted him.

"Swear," feebly rejoined the expiring hero, "that thy bright falchion shall never rest until it be dyed in the blood of Louis de St. Julien!"

Clifford started, and turned ghastly pale at the thought of raising his arm against his protector.

"Trust not," continued Lord Thomas, "for revenge, to the fickle chance of war; no my son, by art ensnare the craven murderer, who in an ill-fated moment wrested life and glory from my hand. Let not thy father's blood rise in vain for vengeance."

"My parent," sobbed Clifford, gazing sadly on the crimson gore which in the sunlight quivered on the rich armor of his father, "let not thy son descend to treachery and cunning which thou hast thyself spurned; no, let me meet him in the field, and openly avenge thy untimely death."

"Valor is often foiled by fortune, therefore regard my words, and trust not that to chance which may be accomplished by more certain means. My blood—"

The warrior could say no more. A convulsion seized him, and in two hours he fell in death.

Clifford mourned with unfeigned affection the loss of his sire, and the first paroxysms of grief having subsided, he called to mind his fearful oath. Hard indeed was the task when he remembered the victim he had sworn to sacrifice was his deliverer, to whom alone he owed all for life and liberty. Could he in honor, could he in justice conspire against the life of one by whom his own had been preserved. His soul revolted at the bare thought.

Julien it is true had bereft him of a parent, but it was in defense of one whom by every tie of consanguinity and religion he was bound to cherish and protect—the blow had been fatal. Julien had spilt the blood of Percy and deprived Clifford of a father. Duty and filial love, together with the solemn pledge he had taken, strongly incited him to avenge the deed, and overruled the arguments reason urged in his friend's behalf.

The last injunction of the dying soldier Clifford spurned. He could not insidiously ensnare one whose name he should ever adore. His fall should not be by treachery or assassination. No. He should bend his crest in combat—fair and open combat, that dishonor foul might never stain his name. After much deliberation he despatched a *billet* containing the following to the young Frenchman.

"If Clifford still continues to hold a place in the remembrance of Julien, and he is still actuated by that valor which has so often distinguished him in the field, to-morrow at the ninth hour he will not hesitate to measure falcions with an English champion, on the lea near the abbey of St. Salvin."

Julien, whose courage and intrepidity never forsook him, decided at once to accept this challenge, knowing too well the honor of Sir Edward to fear treachery. Clothing himself in his brightest suit of mail and armor, at the hour appointed he repaired to the spot named, accompanied only by two of his young kinsmen, on whose fidelity he could depend. On arriving he was received by the young knight, who having lead him to a sequestered spot at some distance from the camp, professed himself the champion who had issued the challenge.

Julien was not more grieved than startled at this unwelcome information.

"How!" cried he, "is it thus we meet? Is this the end of our boasted friendship?"

Clifford made no answer, but looked at him with a colorless countenance, a wandering eye, and a quivering lip.

"Why do you not speak?"

"Julien!" at last mournfully spoke he, raising his eye from the ground. "It is true thou didst give me life and freedom, but by thy hand I am deprived of an honorable sire."

He then acquainted him with the dreadful oath he had taken.

"This arm must avenge the blood of a father or perish in the attempt. One of us must fall. Let yon high heaven decide the cause between us."

Julien, who loved Clifford with the purest esteem, sickened at the thought of raising his arm against him. In vain did he endeavor to exculpate himself by avowing that the fatal blow was given in defense of a parent. Clifford knew this. His reason acquitted him, but his affection found him guilty.

"Cruel fate," cried Julien, finding his friend's resolution unshaken, "that bursts the bands with which unity had so firmly bound our hearts."

CHAPTER III.

The knight now made a sign to a band of trusty soldiers who awaited his command near the spot, and administered to them a solemn oath that if the weapon of Julien prevailed, he should be borne in safety to his camp.

They prepared for combat.

Clifford put over his armor a long surtout of white sarcenet, upon the back and breast of which were emblazoned his arms.

They bestrode their foaming steeds, and the herald's voice ringing high, they came together like a mighty avalanche. Dense clouds of dust rolled around the steeds, and for a time the riders' forms were obscured. The ground shook and quivered, and as they crashed together, it was as when the loud thunderbolt of Heaven meets the rock of adamant. Julien for a time acted solely on the defensive. Finding that his antagonist madly sought his life, by degrees his blood fired, and he made several passes at Sir Edward, which were quickly returned. The blows fell thick and heavy, and for a long time the struggle was equal. Fortune seemed to declare in favor of neither. At length Clifford's shield was hacked away, and his armor seams being sundered, he received a wound which turned the scale that was so long nicely balanced.

"I am content," groaned the young knight as they lifted him from his charger, the crimson tide gushing from beneath his shattered mail. "My father, accept the blood of thy son as an atonement for that which he has failed to spill."

Nothing could exceed the grief of Julien, and as he stooped to receive the outstretched hand of the victim, said,

"Fate, not inclination made me your foe."

Sir Edward having thrown up his visor, addressed the troops, who on the melancholy termination of the combat had drawn nigh, and stood around with countenances on which was depicted the most impressive sorrow, and renewing his charge to them of conducting the conqueror in safety to his camp, expired without a murmur.

The melancholy hero, overwhelmed with intense grief, was conducted by the English knights, who religiously performed the dying orders of their commander, to his abode, while others conveyed the bloody corpse from the fatal spot, and bore the sad tidings of his death to the English camp.

A DREAM OF BOYHOOD.

I HAD a dream of old romance,
 A vision of the past,
 And fancy o'er that backward glance
 A dazzling radiance cast:
 The light that on the landscape beamed,
 How gorgeously it shone,
 And shed, where e'er its splendor streamed,
 A glory all its own!

I stood upon the breezy hill—
 I saw each well-known scene—
 The sunny slope, the glancing rill,
 The valley clad in green;
 The earth, with all the varied glow
 Of vernal tints o'erspread,
 The burnished river calm below,
 The cloudless sky o'erhead.

The fragrant meadows basking yet
 In morning's golden light,
 And sparkling, as if freshly wet
 With rain of yesternight;
 And through the crystal atmosphere,
 Tall spire and glittering dome,
 Their graceful forms majestic rear
 Beyond my native home.

I heard each old, familiar sound,
 The lowing of the kine,
 And birds were singing all around
 From thicket, tree and vine;
 The wind its low sweet music gave,
 The forest leaves were stirred,
 The ripple of the breaking wave
 At intervals was heard.

And borne above the city's hum,
 I heard a pleasant chime
 Of bells with softened cadence come
 As in my boyhood's prime.

I heard the boatman's distant horn
 As sweetly sound again,
 As though in Eden it were born,
 That wild and witching strain!

Before me lay that cherished spot,
 A grassy sylvan nook,
 And bright below its verdant plot
 Gushed forth the limpid brook;
 And there, beside the tulip-tree,
 The rustic school-house stands,
 And whispered sounds are borne to me
 From its imprisoned bands.

One moment, and the merry rout,
 By chance or fancy led,
 With ringing laugh, and romp, and shout,
 In playful groups are spread:
 And some are chasing butterflies,
 Some splashing in the spring,
 And joyous hearts and beaming eyes
 Are gathered round the swing.

And youthful lovers, all apart,
 Are loitering on the grass,
 And blest, absorbed, and pure of heart,
 The hours unheeded pass;
 Yes, love e'en now has tinged their dreams
 With his delicious light,
 And young affection fondly dreams
 That earth has naught so bright!

Those rosy girls! how passing fair,
 How rich in native grace!
 Those ruddy boys, with eager air,
 How eloquent each face!
 The squirrels sporting on the trees,
 The birds that sing all day,
 Know no such happiness as these
 Light-hearted ones at play!

And yonder, where like incense rose
 The blue smoke's graceful wreath,
 In quiet, sabbath-like repose,
 Its wealth of shade beneath,
 I saw the old white house once more,
 The room where I was born!
 As dear, as happy as of yore,
 In life's unclouded mora!

There, just above the window-sill,
 The rose peeps in the room,
 And on the porch the woodbine still
 Exhales its rich perfume;
 The swallow builds her pendent nest
 Beneath the sloping eaves,
 And brooding sparrows love to rest
 Amid the lilac's leaves.

When sounds that wake by night alone
 The charmed ear to please,
 And fire-fly lamps unnumbered shone
 Among the dusky trees;
 And when the moist sweetbrier yields
 Its aromatic smell,
 And wafted sweets from clover-fields
 Of dews and blossoms tell;

In that most witching hour of all,
 With greetings warm and sweet,
 'T was then within the twilight hall
 The household used to meet!
 There, like some guardian saint's, I heard
 My mother's gentle voice!
 Whose faintest tone, whose lightest word,
 I heard but to rejoice.

And there, against the setting sun,
 The old blue-chamber lies,
 Where often, as the day was done,
 I watched its changing dyes.
 The moonlight blending with the scene,
 The mimic stars that lie
 And tremble in the river's sheen,
 Like tears in beauty's eye.

Oh! how I loved to look on them,
 The jewels of the night!
 And meditate each storied gem
 From that lone window's height!
 There's not a song that used to float
 Around that tranquil nest,
 But one remembered magic note,
 Awakens all the rest.

All that e'er gladdened soul or sense,
 As freshly came again,
 And thoughts as glowing and intense,
 Were throbbing in my brain!
 And memories of long ago,
 And love as warm and true,
 And hope, grief's iris here below,
 My pathway spanned anew.

Again, rekindled and renewed,
 Each old delight I felt;
 Again with boyhood's warmth imbued
 Into my heart they melt!
 As visions of a purer clime
 To inspiration given,
 These glimpses of a brighter time
 Revealing are from heaven!

One moment more, and darkness fell,
 And curtained from my sight
 The blissful scenes that wizard spell
 Had waked to life and light!
 Yet, as each floweret when distilled
 Its own sweet scent retains,
 Thus, of the joys my heart hath thrilled,
 The essence still remains. C.

LITTLE ELLA.

BY EDITH BLYTHE.

It was a beautiful spot, our cottage, covered with woodbine, that threw its perfume far around, and intermingled with it was the scarlet creeper, whose bright flowers seemed like so many rubies. Near the door was a little stream, that meandered gayly along, tripping joyously on "its silver feet," and whose music murmured in never ceasing, never tiring notes. Oh, how brightly it would smile when kissed by the ardent sun, and how its waves seemed to laugh with glee when "the monarch of the sky" glanced down from his high home upon this merry little stream. Day and night did the birds, as they flew from tree to tree like a ray of light, twitter out from their tiny throats, a welcome serenade. Oh, was it not a perfect spot! our cottage, surrounded by loveliness on every side. But brightest, most beautiful of all, was our little Ella, the presiding spirit of this sylvan retreat, a gay, joyous little child, who walked hand in hand with the bright flowers, and sung in glad chorus with the "tuneful choir" that made alive with melody the green woods around. For hours I have seen her stretched on a sloping lawn near the cottage, upturned to heaven was her lovely face, around which hung a perfect shower of golden locks, so bright that it seemed as "if each curl had caught a sunbeam prisoner, and held it trembling there." Thus she would lie, watching the clouds tinted with the bright rays of the evening sun, as in golden glory they "floated on the west." How she would clasp her little hands in ecstasy, when one brighter than the rest, would throw its crimson glow around the sky, tinting the stream that laid beneath it, in silent worship, with a rose-bud blush. The birds, the flowers, the butterflies, and even the silver stream, were Ella's companions; for her they had a language and a tongue. Bright, beautiful child, how lovely she would look, as she came home from her rambles, fairly tottering under her weight of flowers, around which she had thrown her ivory arms, as if to protect them. Let me sing them to sleep, she would say, bright angels that they are, and then she would lean her little radiant head over them, and murmur in a low, sweet tone some strange melody.

One afternoon we missed our blooming Hebe; for hours we tracked her "up hill and down dale," and many a silent uncomplaining flower did we trample to the earth in our speed. But still we found her not, and aloud in agony of spirit we called "Ella," and echo quickly took up the cry, "Ella." Then a fearful silence ensued, and amid the evening song of the birds might have been heard the beatings of our agonized hearts. Every familiar spot was peered into, every leafy arbor scanned, from the retired bank where nestled like sister spirits the meek violets, too modest to lift their blue-eyes to heaven, to the more public spot, where flaunted in their rich variegated dresses, the bold tulips. But she was not there, and disconsolately we wandered on till we came to the spot her flower-adoring spirit loved best, and named by her the "bank of roses." Silently we crept along, as silent as the stars wander over the skies, for there we spied her out, sleeping as we thought, on a bed of flowers. Beautiful being, there she reclined, with one little arm under her head, the other grasping a white lily, whose pale leaves had already begun to close, as if looked upon too harshly by the sun. Scattered around her were a profusion of flowers, that in their bright confusion seemed like a rainbow fallen to earth. Gently we went up to her, and called "Ella." No answering voice replied; we looked again, and again, it was too true—our darling was dead! Yes, borne on the evening incense of the flowers around her, our Ella's spirit had been wafted home to her God. Pale as the fading lily in her hand, her deep blue eyes closed forever, her coral lips, hueless as a faded white rose—it was thus we found our gentle Ella. We took up the beautiful casket in our arms, from whence had fled the priceless jewel, and pressing our fevered lips upon her cold brow, we bore her home. As we stooped to gather up some of the flowers her little hands had culled, we met the horrid gaze of a snake, whose sting was deadly poison, fixed upon us, as if about to leap a second time upon his prey.

Our cottage still stands, but our beautiful Ella, that gladdened it like a sunbeam, has passed away forever.

C.

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